No. X. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1803.

POLITICS.

HIS Majesty's message delivered to Parliament on Tuesday, has occasioned every sensation that it could be expected to excite in British bosoms; but surprise or apprehension were not among the number. The constant system of threat, defiance, and irritation, pursued by Bonaparte, left no room to hope, that the mildness, self-denial, and forbearance of our ministry would always avert those vigorous expostulations which only can be made sword in hand. Concession has been carried to its utmost bounds, and nothing but a most culpable indifference to the essential interests of the State would warrant a further continuance of that sufferance, of which the only effect is to encourage the First Consul, to make bolder strides, and more undisguised efforts towards our annihilation. Indifference towards the national honour and interest has never been the characteristic of Britons; and of all men,

No. X. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1803.

POLITICS.

HIS Majesty's message delivered to Parliament on Tuesday, has occasioned every sensation that it could be expected to excite in British bosoms; but surprise or apprehension were not among the number. The constant system of threat, defiance, and irritation, pursued by Bonaparte, left no room to hope, that the mildness, self-denial, and forbearance of our ministry would always avert those vigorous expostulations which only can be made sword in hand. Concession has been carried to its utmost bounds, and nothing but a most culpable indifference to the essential interests of the State would warrant a further continuance of that sufferance, of which the only effect is to encourage the First Consul, to make bolder strides, and more undisguised efforts towards our annihilation. Indifference towards the national honour and interest has never been the characteristic of Britons; and of all men,

the present ministers can have the least hopes of indulgence, were it possible for them to exhibit such a dispostion. They have borne themselves with the pacific firmness of discerning patriots, not ready to bluster on small affronts, or cavil at small aggressions, but keeping the sacred power of making war, as a man of refined honour wears his sword, never to be drawn but in defence of some high right or secret principle; never to be sheathed till complete satisfaction has been obtained.

In the state of guarded silence, prudently maintained by ministers, respecting the discussion which calls on the nation to arm, it were vain for individuals boasting of no peculiar means of information, to add to the list of those empty politicians, who having raised phantoms in the form of conjectures, run at them full-tilt, with their whole pigmy force of wit and information, and strut about, proud of the imaginary laurels won by their incredible prowess. The value of Malta, the danger of Jamaica, the freedom of the Mediterranean, or the tranquillity of India, form no part of our speculations at this moment; it is sufficient to arm our readers with firmness, by directing their attention to a calm investigation of the arrogant assertion by the First Consul of France, the *ci-devant*

general of the army of England, that Great Britain cannot singly cope with France.

England knows what degree of confidence she ought to place in Bonaparte's peace. If he is persuaded of his power to conquer, or even to distress us, we are so well persuaded of his inclination, that we cannot doubt the policy of preparing ourselves to meet and oppose the attempt.

As Bonaparte is a great dealer in assertions, and those assertions do not always carry an appearance of proceeding from any real conviction of their truth or feasibility, he may, in this case, choose to say what he is not seriously disposed to believe. It is not therefore certain, we are to regard this as more than mere vaunt, to give encouragement on one side, and cast contempt on the other.

As Bonaparte also is liable in common with other men, to draw conclusions from erroneous premises, we may fairly doubt, if from the experience which the Chief Consul has had, of our comparative strength, he is warranted to decide so peremptorily upon our comparative weakness; for in which of our operations by sea or land, where we have met *Him* or *His* singled-handed, has he discovered that inferiority on our part, which should induce him to believe and assert, that England is not able to contend with him?

Bonaparte is not old enough to know, though he may possibly have heard or read, that, in the last war, before that in which he was destined to make a figure, England did contend, singly and victoriously, against France, Spain, and Holland, with the additional disadvantage of an immense continent in rebellion against her, and a powerful party at home rendering that rebellion popular.

Did Bonaparte never hear (for we believe he was then busy in Corsica) of the battle of Lincelles, in Flanders, where the Guards, under the command of General Lake, consisting of only 1120 men, formed at the disstance of 300 yards from the enemy's works, defended by 5000 men: when exposed the whole time to a heavy fire of grape, they marched up with shouldered arms, as on a field-day, and stormed and took the place!

Was it in the battle of the Nile he made those observations that suggested to him the presumptuous opinion which he now avows? In that action was the advantage of superior strength on our side, and victory on his? The very reverse in both particulars was the fact; he confessed and lamented the event. Was it in his own attack upon St. Jean d'Acre, that he saw those proofs, which inspired him to draw such flattering conclusions?

What conquests had he gained over the English, when he condescended to retreat from

the walls of a feeble fortress, and afterwards fly out of Egypt, abandoning his army, and happy to escape from a command, that had cost the nation he served such vast exertions and such fatal losses? Was it then, while he was scudding out of the track of our cruizers, that he began to draw his comparisons? We should suppose not then; and without attempting to lower the consequence of his victory at Marengo, it must be doubted, if a review of our campaign in Egypt can lower his opinion of the enterprizing spirit, and persevering courage of our armies. What since has happened to abet his judgment is best known to himself; we only know it cannot be the condition of his fleet upon comparision with ours at the conclusion of the contest, that encourages him to pronounce upon our relative inferiority.

Of self-evident facts there is no need to speak; it may therefore be taken for granted, it is not in our commerce and finances that he finds our weakness; and, by the blessing of God upon our arms, if unwillingly compelled to resume them, we shall yet be found able to repel all the attacks he may meditate against us; and, being united under the auspices of our British-born Sovereign, prove a full match for France, under the dominion of her Corsican Consul, in every thing but arrogance and presumption.

TABLEAU DE L'ANGLETERRE.

Extrait du Poëme inédit du *Malheur et la Pitié*,

Par L'ABBE DELILLE.

* Read with attention this picture of England, by one of the most enlightened Frenchmen of the present age.

——— Soyez bénis, vous, peuples magnanimes,
Qui, de nos oppresseurs réparates les crimes!
Toi surtoit brave Anglois, libre ami de tes Rois.
Qui mettant ton bonheur sous la garde des lois;
Des partis dans ton sein vois expirer la rage:
Ainsi que sur tes bords vient se briser l'orage!
Ce ne sont plus ici ces asiles cruels,
Où des brigands eachés à l'ombré des autels,
Où l'assassin souillé du sang de sa victime.
Demandoient aux lieux saints l'impunité du crime,
Contre le vil brigand et l'infame assassin,
Albion au malheur ouvre aujourd'hui son sein.
Là viennent respirer de leur longue souffrance
Ces dignes magistrats, oraclés de la France;
Là, ces guerriers fameux embrassent leurs rivaux;
Là, ces ministres saints échappés aux bourreaux,
Protégés par la loi, gardent leur culte antique:
Sion dan son exil chante le saint cantique.
Et l'nne et l'autre église abjurent leurs combats,
Et la fille à sa mère ouvre, en pleurant, les bras.
Pour corriger encor la fortune ennemie,
Du vénérable Oxford l'antique académie
Multiplia pour vous ce volume divin,
Que l'homme infortuné ne lit jamais en vain;
Qui du double évangile ancien dépositarire,
Nous transmit de la foi le culte héréditaire;
Vous montre un avenir, fait, des palais du ciel
Dans vos humbles réduits, descendre l'Eternel;

Console votre exil, charme votre souffrance,
Nourrit la foi, l'amour, la céleste espérance;
Présent plus précieux, et plus cher mille fois,
Que les trésors du monde, et les bienfaits des Rois?
Plus de rivalité, de haine, ni d'envie;
Au banquet fraternel Albion nous convie;
Son sein s'ouvre pour tous, et ne distingue plus
Les fils qu'elle adopta de ceux qu'elle a çoncus.
Telle, un terre heureuse à tous les plants du monde
Se montre hospitalière; et sa séve féconde
Nourrit des mêmes sucs l'arbre qu'elle enfanta,
Et le germe etranger que l'orage y porta.
Poursuis, fière Albion, fais bénir ta puissance!
Tous les honneurs unis forment ta gloire immense:
Le monde tributaire entretient ton trésor;
Le nord nourrit tes mâts, l'onde mûrit ton or;
Le France avec ses vins te verse l'allégresse;
Tes lois sont la raison; tes mœurs la sagesse,
Tes femmes la beauté, leur discours la candeur,
Leur maintien la décence, et leur teint la pudeur.
Tu joins les fruits des arts aux dons de la fortune,
Le tonnerre de Mars au trident de Neptune.
Tantôt, foulant aux pieds l'athée audacieux,
C'est Minerve s'armant pour la cause des Dieux;
Tantôt, fille des mers, belle, fraîche et fêconde,
C'eſt Venus s'élevant de l'empire de l'onde.
Jouis, fière Albion; mais dans ta noble ardeur,
Mets un frein à ta force, une terme à ta grandeur.
Carthage, attaquant Rome, expia cet outrage;
Rome hata sa chute en renversant Carthage.
Les Indes, les deux mers, tout a subi ta loi,
Il ne te reste plus qu'à triompher de toi!

THE ESSAYIST.

JOHN DE LANCASTER.

[Continued.]

" The parties being seated, as described in the former chapter, John de Lancaster at length broke silence, and, directing his discourse to Colonel Wilson, addressed him in the following manner: 'The unlucky accident, by which my blundering neighbour has precipitated Mrs. de Lancaster into labour pains, must in all probability tend to aggravate those sorrows, in which, by the condition of her sex, she is ordained to bring forth.'

" 'If we are to judge of the pains she suffered, by the screams she uttered,' replied Wilson, 'they must have been, I fear, uncommonly acute.'

" 'There is no doubt of that,' resumed John de Lancaster; 'for you will recollect, Colonel Wilson, that by her adoption into my family, she stands in the direct line of descent from the original offender, whose trespass drew down that primæval curse upon all womankind.'

" 'Whereabouts are we now?' said Wilson to himself'

" 'Nevertheless under the pressure of these apprehensions, I console myself with the reflection, that, if it be true in general, that what we produce with difficulty we preserve with diligence, I shall hope it will be also true in the particular of child-bearing, and I shall expect that the *Storgee*, or natural affection of my daughter-in-law towards the infant, that shall be born of her, (God so willing) shall be proportionably more strong than that of mothers, who have had easier times; for doubtless, Colonel Wilson, you must have observed, that, in all our operations, whether mental or manual, we are mutually most attached to those, on which most labour has been expended. Slight opinions and slight performances may be easily given up, but where great deliberation has been bestowed, we are not soon persuaded to confess that our time has been mispent, and our talents misapplied.'

" 'Very true,' said the Colonel, carelessly; 'there are points we ought not to give up, and points not worth disputing. In our profession, we must not quarrel with our comrades for their oddities, so long as they are not impiously or injuriously eccentric. It is not often we find a mess-room in the same way of thinking, except upon the question of another bottle.'

I have great respect for your profession,' replied de Lancaster, 'but no experience in the habits of a mess-room. In my system of life, I acknowledge no reason why I should incline to think with the majority, merely because it is the majority; nay, I confess to you, I am ill disposed to subscribe to popular opinions, unless upon strict investigation. So many things are assumed, without being examined, and so many disbelieved, without being disproved, that I am not hasty to assent or dissent, in deference to the multitude; on which account, perhaps, I am considered as a man affecting singularity. But I hope I am not justly to be charged with affectation of that, or any other sort. In the case which now occupies our attention, and keeps our hopes and fears in suspense, I encourage myself to expect that all things will take their natural course, and my daughter de Lancaster present us with a child, whether male or female, in all respects like other children; but if Providence decrees it otherwise, am I to stand in amaze because that shall happen to her, which has happened to others? I presume you need not be reminded, how many preternatural and prodigious births have occurred and been recorded in the annals of mankind.'

"'Old nurses' tales!' cried Wilson; 'I don't believe one half of them; and just at

this moment, I am resolved to disbelieve every one of them.'

" ' I can't think why,' said Robert, in an under voice.

" ' I should suppose,' said John de Lancaster, ' you will hardly dispute the extraordinary circumstances that are well known to have accompanied the birth of the famous Martin Luther, who, being destined to act so conspicuous a part in opposition to the Papal power, came into the world habited in all points as a doctor in theology, and wearing a square cap, according to academic costume, on his head. This perhaps may appear to you, as no doubt it did to the midwife, and all present at his birth, as a very uncommon and preternatural circumstance.'

" ' It does indeed appear so,' said the Colonel.

" ' Yet when we find this fact gravely set forth,' added he, ' by an author of such high credit as Martin Del Rio, Doctor of theology, and public professor of the holy scripture, in the university of Salamanca, who is bold enough to question it?'

" ' I am not bold enough to believe it,' rejoined the Colonel.

" At this moment, Cecilia entered the room, and joyfully announced the birth of a lovely boy, adding, in the usual phrase, that

Mrs. Lancaster was as well as could be expected.

" ' I rejoice to hear it,' exclaimed the happy grandfather; ' but, my dear Cecilia, are you quite certain it is a boy?'

" ' Dear Sir,' replied Cecilia, ' you won't suppose the people about my sister can be deceived as to that?'

" ' Why no,' cried de Lancaster, ' upon better recollection, I presume they cannot.'

" Cecilia then addressing herself to her brother, who had hitherto maintained his accustomed tranquillity, asked him if he was not transported with joy upon this happy event?

" ' I am never transported, either with joy or sorrow,' answered Robert, ' upon events over which I have no controul. It was Mrs. de Lancaster's affair, and I had little doubt but she would get through it, as others have done before her.'

" Old John of the Castle now proceeded to enter the day and hour of his grandson's birth in the blank leaf of the family bible, observing, that he would postpone till next day the engrossing the event into his pedigree roll, when his attorney should attend for that purpose—' I am aware, added he, ' that this is properly the office of my family bard, David

Williams, but, as he is blind, I have winked at his excusing himself from that branch of his duty.'

"'I don't see how you could do less,' said the Colonel.

"The next morning, John de Lancaster rose with the sun. From the windows of his chamber, he cast his eyes over that grand and beautiful expanse of country, which the proud and lofty situation of his castle over-peered. It was the first sun that had risen on his new-born hope, and the splendour which that glorious luminary diffused over the animating scenery under his survey, was, to a mind like his, peculiarly auspicious. His bosom glowed with pious gratitude to the Supreme Dispenser of all blessings. 'It is too much, all-bounteous Being,' he exclaimed, 'too much for sinful man. I am not worthy of such goodness.'

"He summoned his servant, and being informed the night had passed well with Mrs. de Lancaster, he desired the child might be brought to him. His wish was speedily complied with. He stood for some time, attentively gazing on the countenance of his grandson, and at length pronounced it to be a perfect model of infantine beauty, open and ingenuous; in short, every thing his warmest

hopes could have pictured. 'I discern,' cried he, 'and can decypher the hand-writing of nature in the lineaments of this lovely babe. If God, who gave him life, shall in his mercy give him length of days, he will be an honour to his name, and an ornament to his nation.'

"'He is a sweet, pretty puppet,' said the nurse.

"'Pooh!' quoth the prophet, 'I am not speaking of what he is; I am telling what he will be. I prognosticate he will be brave, benevolent, and virtuous.'

"'And handsome, and tall, and well-shaped,' re-echoed the loquacious dame. 'Only look, Sir, what strait limbs he has!'

"'Take him away,' said de Lancaster, in displeasure. 'You have interrupted me, and the continuity of those thoughts, which spontaneously presented themselves, is no more to be resumed.'

"The nurse departed, dancing the child in her arms, and prattling to it in her way, unconscious of the mischief she had done, whilst de Lancaster, pacing up and down his room, in vain attempted to find that place in the book of fate, from which her ill-timed gabble had caused him to break off.

"It is lost,' said he to himself; 'I can only recollect, that, after a course of trials, if

his constancy remains unshaken, his reward awaits him.'"

Not yet apprized that these extracts are unwelcome, I pursue my subject.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

IMPROMPTU,

On gathering some Violets for Elfrida.

Beneath thy silken lashes shade
Those 'eyes of dewy light;'
Nor let the envious violets fade,
To find their tints less bright. E.

SONNET,

Written March 8, 1801, *descending a Mountain, near Coimbra.*

Ye fir-crown'd cliffs, as mournfully I wind
Among your mossy crags, my pensive ear
Elfrida's parting accents seems to hear:
'Tis but the cedar o'er yon rock reclin'd
Her neck in sorrow droop'd beneath the shade
Of her fine hair; and as she sigh'd 'Farewel!'
Her dark blue eyes were bath'd in tears, that fell
On her fair bosom——'Mid the forest glade,
Where the dim convent's spiry turrets frown,
Ting'd by the fading beam, the Sisters breathe
Their orisons; and hark! the woods beneath
In echoes faint reply: my spirits own
Its influence, as the soft religious lay
Floats on the ev'ning breeze, and dies away.

ERNEST.

Letter V.

Sir,

In the course of the numerous journeys to the earth, which I now was enabled to make, I did not neglect the opportunities which I enjoyed, of forming acquaintance with many of the most illustrious persons who have flourished in all ages of the world. To such great men as I have seen acting under the influence of my native planet, I have, from time to time, discovered myself; and, conversing with them on familiar terms, I may boast, that it has been in consequence of my suggestions that they have undertaken those feats, which have the most contributed to their universal celebrity.

Cambyses, the Persian, was one of my earliest friends. I planned his expedition into Ethiopia, and greatly assisted his atchievements in Egypt. I was the privy counsellor of Mark Anthony, during his abode in the latter country. With Empedocles I explored the depths of Etna; and notwithstanding all my veneration for my tutelary goddess, Diana, it was I who persuaded Herostratus to burn down her temple, at Ephesus. Alexander the Great always paid the utmost deference to my advice; and I may, without vanity,

say, that the most brilliant of his successes were owing to my counsels. It was by attending to me, that he triumphed at the Granicus. When his army mutinied in the recesses of Asia, I suggested the famous bravado which brought them back to their duty. If it had not been for me, he never would have conceived the heroical idea of being the son of Jupiter; and of course, he never would have dreamed of sacrificing so many of his men, in the sandy desarts of Africa, for the purpose of paying a visit to his father's temple. But, above all, I plume myself on having inspired him with the noble whim of burning Persepolis, in compliance with the fanciful suggestions of a drunken prostitute. Of all the heroes of antiquity, he was indeed my acknowledged favourite; and, if he could have kept himself a little more sober (by which means he might have escaped his premature end), I have no doubt that he would have attained to still higher celebrity.

I could mention many other famous commanders of antiquity (particularly Cyrus, when he set out on his Scythian expedition), whose conduct I mainly influenced. But the foregoing specimens may be sufficient. At that time, when my youthful impetuosity was apt sometimes to carry me beyond the bounds of prudence, I occasionally amused

myself with trying experiments upon the multitude; and many a comical prank have I made them perform, by shewing them either distant or immediate objects, as it happened to suit my fancy, through the glare of my lanthorn. It was extremely entertaining, to observe the effect produced by the oblique rays which I cast upon the commonest objects, especially when I performed my experiments to a numerous multitude. By a turn of my hand, I could convert valour into cowardice, honesty into knavery, prudence into treachery, and patriotism into corruption. In the same manner, I could reverse the picture, and transform the poltroon into an able general, the public peculator into a finance minister, the betrayer of his country into a privy counsellor, and the pensioner of a foreign power into a red-hot patriot. I could turn gold into dirt, and dirt into gold; I could place the bust of the blasphemer in the temple of the gods, or turn the gods themselves out of their temples. In short, there was nothing which I could not make a multitude believe; and, in general, the more preposterous my transformations were, the more easy I found it was to make men give credit to them. Subsequent experience, indeed, as you will by and by know, has taught

me, that it is not always safe to play with edged tools, and that even I, with all my cleverness, was not always secure from the effects of the popular effervescence which I had excited. But, at that time, I was young and confident, and things went on smoothly.

Among all the nations of antiquity, the Athenians were those who afforded me most diversion. There was a sort of airiness and versatility in their disposition, which rendered them particularly fit to receive the impression of my influence. Of course, whenever I had a mind to relax from my more serious operations, I used to pay them a visit, and exhibit my lanthorn. It was to me that they owed the judicious institution of the Ostracism, by which the mob were enabled to get rid of an exuberance of talent and virtue. My manœuvres induced them, when engaged in a contest, on which their national existence depended, to shew their discretion, by applying the treasures appropriated to its support, to the maintenance of their theatrical exhibitions; and it was entirely owing to me, when the Macedonian monarch was carrying into execution his plan of subjecting them and all the other Grecian states, that they turned a deaf ear to the advice of their experienced counsellors, that they quarrelled

with their best allies, and sung and danced themselves into slavery.

For the present, adieu,
Your's truly,
THE MAN IN THE MOON.

EPITAPH
IN DOWNTON CHURCH-YARD.

On a Young Lady, who died in a Consumption in 1796.

Here, in the cold embrace of death,
What once was elegance and beauty lies:
Mute is the music of her tuneful breath,
And quench'd the radiance of her sparkling eyes.

A prey to ling'ring malady she fell,
Ere yet her form had lost its vernal bloom:
Her virtues, Mis'ry oft reliev'd may tell—
The rest, let silent Charity entomb!

Nor suffer busy unrelenting zeal,
E'en here, her gentle frailties to pursue:
Let envy turn from what it cannot feel,
And malice rev'rence what it never knew.

But should the justice of the good and wise
Condemn her faults with judgment too severe;
Let mild-ey'd Pity from the heart arise,
And blot the rigid sentence with a tear.

We insert the following letter verbatim as we have received it, and beg leave to recommend it to the especial perusal of our fair readers. We wish to persuade them that

every attempt to interrupt the progress of nature is silly, because it is impossible; and if it were possible, would be sillier, as only tending to accelerate her career. The rush of the torrent may be curbed for a moment, but the accumulated power acquired in that moment, enables it to burst away over all impediments, and spread a more certain and extensive devastation.

Oh, Mr. Pic Nic, was there ever such an unfortunate business as this? If ever I have any thing to do again with paintings, and washings, and cosmetics! but I am sure I am not to blame, for I'll swear I put in every thing that was set down in the printed book. You must know, Sir, I am own maid to the Dowager Lady Daub, and it is my place to fill up the wrinkles in her Ladyship's face as soon as they appear; and I am obliged to be on the alert, I assure you. In the discharge of this office I have met with a terrible misfortune; but I told my lady, and I tell you, and I will say it again and again, it is not my fault. She should have been more cautious; for previous to this affair, she had an aukward mishap, which I must relate to you. She saw in the papers an advertisement for a Depillatory, or some such name, to remove superfluous hairs. This she accordingly rub-

bed round her mouth, and it did remove the hairs I must confess; but the deuce a bit would they stir without taking all the flesh with them. It affected her eyes too, and obliged her for some time to use a black shade, which with her large mouth, made her look for all the world like Harlequin in a pantomime.

Mayhap you may know my sister Sal, Lord Cram's cook. She applied some of this stuff to her arm, and the hairs did disappear for a time; but they soon grew again with a vengeace, and should you see her arm now; a bear's paw or a blacking brush are white to it.

But to return to my lady; all this is nothing to what is ensuing, Mr. Pic Nic. You must know she had got hold of a book, called, "Medea's kettle, or the art of restoring decayed beauty," which contains a recipe for an infallible cosmetic, to produce a most beautiful complexion. Well, this we mixed up, and I am sure we put every thing in, and exactly according to the directions I spread it over her face when she went to bed. However there must be a mistake somewhere, for on hastening to see her in the morning, what do you think I beheld? Sir, her whole face was a bright garter blue! Only think how shocking—I thought I should have dropped, —could not help laughing neither, she looked

so comical. As for my lady, to be sure she would have gone out of her wits, if I had not assured her we should certainly be able to extract the colour with warm water. Warm water we tried, scalding water we tried, but my poor lady's face remained just the same.

We were now on the point of giving up any further attempts, when the laundry maid proposed trying some stuff, muriatic acid I think she called it, which she employed to to take stains out of linen. This we accordingly did, and I do believe should have completely succeeded, but that the acid was yellowish, which mixing with the blue, produced a delicate pea-green. This is my lady's present colour, and here we stick. I never saw any thing like her except the sign of the grasshopper, at the tea-shop in the city. We intend trying scalding water again, and you shall have an early account of the first boiling; but, in the mean time, for heaven's sake do give us your advice and assistance. For my part, I am almost afraid of applying the hot water, lest we may only change her to some other colour, which I should be sorry to do, as I have rather a fancy for pea-green. This might certainly be the case. Lobsters and shrimps you know change colour when boiled, and so do lilac ribbons. This is an idea of my own—but I hear my lady's bell, and as I

cannot attend at present to any body in the world but her, I have only time to subscribe myself Your's to command,

TABITHA TOILET.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

As I understand you to be a champion in the cause of modern literature, I beg to introduce myself to your acquaintance. I am, thank heaven, very much at my ease. I have a snug box on Hampstead hill, keep my brace of geldings, and am able to give a friend a joint, and a bottle of old port. All these blessings I have derived from a lucky hit I made some years ago, when I was in the service of old Primmer, of Paternoster-row, who took me when no one else would into pay, and first enabled me to look fortune in the face. He dealt largely in the publishing way, and had, moreover, a share in the Review.

As I was at first afraid of going too boldly to work, I took to the reviewing line; but I had so much dull matter to wade through, and, to speak the truth, felt every now and then such inward twitches, when I condemned, by superior orders, a volume which,

in my heart, I approved, that I left it to those whose consciences were more callous than my own, and turned myself altogether to the business of book-making. Here I had a vast field before me; but as I had no guide to shew me the road through it, I not unfrequently lost my way. I will not enter into a detail of the various perplexities with which I was entangled, when I found myself obliged to undertake the fabrication of a work, on the subject of which I had no knowledge, or how I contrived to bring forward my new Italian grammar, and my Manual for volunteers, or new system of military tactics, two subjects on which I was, and still am, as ignorant as the boy who cleans my shoes. This is a period of my literary life, to which I never look back without a sort of horror; but it was not without its use; for it brought me so forward in the line of original composition, that I felt myself intitled to select my subjects, and to chuse those which I deemed most congenial to my talents. As I advanced I began to suspect, that there was a shorter road to fame than that which I had already trod; and at length, by perseverance, I discovered it. It was nothing more than to class the several sorts of publications best adapted to meet the reigning taste, to discover the ground-work of each species of manu-

facture, and to apply the few simple rules of which it was constituted, to the fabrication of new volumes on the same subject.

No sooner was I possessed of this secret, than I proceeded to put it in practice. Every difficulty vanished; I became the head man of the trade, and was able, as I told you, to retire from business with an ample sufficiency. I now consider myself, in some degree, bound to assist the efforts of those who are labouring in the vocation I have left, and if any hints I can give them can be of use, I shall be satisfied.

One instance perhaps may be enough. The first work to which I turned my hand, after I had made this discovery, was a speculative and sentimental tour through Europe, interspersed with local observations and anecdotes of many distinguished personages. Now I will be free to confess to you, that my travels had never extended ten miles beyond our own metropolis; of course, an undertaking of this kind would have been extremely hazardous to any one, who was not prepared for it as I was. To me, however, it proved easy, and so it will to any one, who will be at the trouble of reading and digesting the few simple rules, which I will, with your permission, throw together at the end of my letter.

Should these hints be thought serviceable

to the rising generation of book-makers, I have more at their service in other lines of the trade, which may simplify the various branches of history, politics, poetry and novel writing, in all of which I have at different times distinguished myself. In the mean time, I am your's,

PEREGRINE PRANCE.

RULES FOR TOUR WRITING,
In the true Modern Manner.

It is totally unnecessary to know any thing of the countries you describe. The more ignorant of them you are the better, as you will be the less liable to make mistakes. As there is not a spot in Europe which has not been repeatedly visited and described, you have only to glean the choicest parts of these descriptions, translate them into new language, and intersperse them with quotations from the Classics, misadventures in flood and field, and occurrencies in inns, and at table d'hotes, and your business so far is done.

So much for the instruction of your reader. Now for his entertainment. Your main and leading point is to assume a proper character. In this the great masters in the line have shewn much judgment. They have, in gene-

ral, been either parsons or apothecaries; very respectable orders of men, undoubtedly, but not precisely such as were likely to prejudice travellers in their favour. We therefore find them introducing themselves as men of the world; sometimes as a gentleman travelling for his own amusement, in company with some young man of rank, whom by the bye, he always contrives to throw in the back-ground; or, what is yet better, as a man of large fortune, (though he never possessed more than half a dozen gallipots, and a syringe) who, having had a bad run of luck at Brooks's, had preferred living abroad for a few years, to cutting down his ornamental woods. Either of these characters may be assumed by the tour-writer, as they both have been successfully used; or he may take any other he prefers. But in general, any is better than his own.

As local knowledge is useful, so truth, in all matters connected with entertainment, is equally so. The tour-writer must speak confidently of emperors and kings. He has an unlimited scope in his descriptions of his introduction at court, of the dinners and suppers to which he was invited at the palace, and at his own ambassador's; he must talk confidently of all these illustrious personages; always, however, remembering to make him-

self the greatest man in company; to be on terms of the closest intimacy with them all; to have the best of every argument, and to end every conversation with a bon mot of his own; no matter how dull, provided it makes every body present laugh, which of course it must be his own fault if it does not. N. B. The King of Poland is gone, who was extremely useful in this respect; but probably some other crowned head may be managed, so as to produce an equally good effect.

The tour-writer must have strong feelings. This is a sine quâ non. It does not signify what they are employed upon—whether a dead jack-ass, a monk, a nun, a grey-bearded peasant, or a lame soldier. Fine feelings can operate upon any thing, and, in all cases, the more contemptible and unaffecting the subject is, the better. He must also be well stocked with common places on virtue, honour, and patriotism. If he intermingles these with smutty stories, and a few well-invented anecdotes of discarded ministers and mistresses, he will have done all that can be expected from him; unless indeed he chuses to display some knowledge of geology or philosophy, by introducing treatises on the antiquity of the globe, and the rights of man. This may easily enough be done by the simple effort of transcription; but I would not recommend it, as the subjects are now worn thread-bare.

Translation of the 13th Poem of Catullus.

Soon, if the Fates propitious be,
Shalt thou, Fabullus, sup with me;
And find the table amply stor'd,
If thou wilt deck the festive board;
And with thee bring thy fav'rite fair,
And playful mirth to banish care.
These if thou give, my valued friend,
Gay plenty will the fête attend;
For, if the truth *must* be confest,
Thick cobwebs line thy poet's chest.
For thee, in turn, I will impart,
The friendship of an honest heart,
Or what more elegant may be,
Much sweeter, and more worthy thee—
The very essence, for thy use,
Of scent divine! I will produce,
Which drawn by Cupids from the rose,
Bright Venus on my nymph bestows.
This shall refresh our hands and hair:
This glorious perfume we will share—
Perfume, that shall thy nerves excite
To such a point of keen delight,
That thou shalt wish, when pleas'd so well,
Each other sense absorb'd in smell!

R.

SONNET.

I nurs'd a friendship in my breast,
A friendship for the Fair;
I found it no unwelcome guest,
For Reason plac'd it there.

Her looks a lesson did impart,
That silenc'd rude desires;
For whilst her beauty warm'd the heart,
Her virtue check'd its fires.

There was a charm in all she said,
In ev'ry act a grace,
A mind that feelingly pourtray'd
Its meaning in her face.

She sung, and all were turn'd to hear,
So melting soft the tone,
That whilst it stole upon the ear,
It made the heart her own.

To her the Muse with friendly mind
Devotes this artless strain,
And she's too gentle and too kind
To treat it with disdain. Z.